waking again. For my part, I conclude he died, of the *maladie du pays, viz.*, strangling.

Woronzow[1] resumes his functions, and is expected in town to-day. He was to have gone this very day to Calais, all his fortune in Russia being confiscated by Paul, to answer for the extra expense the Russian fleet had put the Emperor to by remaining too long near England—which, he said, was done by Woronzow's orders.

Paul's death has just saved him, and probably the news of it gave him the same sort of feeling the prisoners at Paris experienced when apprised of that of Robespierre. It is very remarkable (as I learnt from him) that there is a lady or woman (I do not know who she is) who, whenever she was employed to do anything for Woronzow, or to go to see him, always enjoyed good fortune In some respect immediately afterwards.

I had to-day a long conversation with some *tf down-yonders,"[2] who made me almost long to go to St. Vincent. Such fine fish and fowls, such beautiful woods, rocks, plants, and a crater

of a. volcano, &c.

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x Father of the Countess of Pembroke and a near **relative** of the celebrated Princess Daschkaw whose auto-biography has just been given to the world under the editorship of Mr Bradford.

3 West Indians.